

you must have heard  
my dumb sobs muted by a dim  
under-water thumping  
like far trucks passing.  
You leaped a little  
with each heave.  
  
Soon you too  
will wail like this. Your first cold breath  
will sting your lungs  
(parched pink by fluid clearing),  
and the quiet—  
white peaks pricking  
a black sky—that alone  
will leave you squalling for days.

ALEXANDRA MALOUF

## DEAR ONE, FLOATING IN MY CALM ROUND

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under-water thumping  
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